



“My Voice” by Emerson Snider  
3<sup>rd</sup> Place, Poetry 13-15

My Voice

My

Voice

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The words are stuck in my throat

Out of fear, I do not speak.

My words are not my own,

My voice is not my own.

This is not so bad; staying quiet

Being kept to myself

Only having to listen, and not speak.

But my voice grows unrecognizable.

It is foreign to me

As if my voice does not exist anymore.

Now, when I speak, my words blur,

Like two colors mixing,

My voice has been carried by the wind;

Gone.